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VOL. 36.—No. 25.

SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1858.

PRICE 4d.
STAMPED 5d.

LAURENT'S ROYAL QUADRILLE BAND.—New Office, at Messrs. Boosey and Sons, 24, Holles-street, where full particulars may be had.

BIRMINGHAM TRIENNIAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL, in aid of the Funds of the GENERAL HOSPITAL, on the 31st of August, and the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd of September next. President—The Earl of DARTMOUTH.

MR. ALBERT SMITH'S MONT BLANC, Naples, Pompeii, and Vesuvius every night (except Saturday) at 8; and Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday afternoons at 3. Places can be secured at the Box-office, Egyptian-hall, daily, between 11 and 4, without any extra charge.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S NEW ENTERTAINMENT.—The new Series of Illustrations by Mr. and Mrs. Reed (late Miss F. Horton) will be repeated every evening (except Saturday) at Eight. Saturday Afternoon at Three. Admission, 1s., 2s., and 3s.; Stalls secured without extra charge at the Royal Gallery of Illustration, 14, Regent-street, and at Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS will read, at St. Martin's Hall, on Wednesday afternoon, June 23rd, at Three o'clock, the Story of "LITTLE DOBBY"; and on Thursday Evening, June 24th, at Eight o'clock, his "CHRISTMAS CAROL." Stalls (numbered and reserved), 5s.; Area and Galleries, 2s. 6d.; Unreserved Seats, 1s. Tickets to be had at Messrs. Chapman and Hall's, publishers, 193, Piccadilly; and at St. Martin's Hall, Long-acre.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD begs to announce a performance of CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC, at Willis's Rooms, on Saturday afternoon, June 26, to commence at Three o'clock. Miss Goddard will be assisted by Herr Joseph Joachim and Signor Piatti. Among other pieces, the programme will include: Dussek's Pianoforte Quartet in E flat; Schubert's Sonata (pianoforte solo) in A minor; Joachim's "Thème Varié" for pianoforte and viola; J. S. Bach's Fantasia con Fuga in C minor; and Beethoven's Grand Sonata, dedicated to Kreutzer, to be performed by Miss Arabella Goddard and Herr Joachim.

*. Full particulars will be shortly announced.

MADAME SZARVADY (Wilhelmina Clauss) will have the honour of giving her THIRD and LAST MATINEE MUSICALE, on Friday, June 25, at the Hanover-square Rooms, assisted by Herr Molière, violin; and Signor Piatti, violoncello. To commence at Three o'clock precisely. Reserved and numbered seats, 10s. 6d.; unreserved seats, 7s. To be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street; and the principal libraries and music-sellers.

MASTER C. A. DREW DEAN, aged Ten years, who has had the honour of performing a Solo on the Patent Diatonic Flute, by Sicama, at Buckingham Palace before Her Most Gracious Majesty, the Prince Consort, and the Court circle, with great success. Her Majesty and Court expressing their special approval, is open to receive engagements at private or public concerts. Address, 15, Compton-street, Brunswick-square, London.

MISS KEMBLE has the honour to announce that, by the kind permission of the Right Hon. the Countess of Ellesmere, her MORNING CONCERT will take place in the Gallery of Bridgewater House on Wednesday, June 30, on which occasion she will be assisted by the following eminent artists:—Madame Viardot Garcia, Mr. Santley, Signor Mario (his only appearance at any concert this season), Mr. Chas. Hallé, and Herr Joachim. Tickets, One Guinea each, to be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

HERR REICHARDT begs respectfully to announce that he will give a MATINEE MUSICALE, under the patronage of H.R.H. the Duchess of Cambridge, the Countess Apponyi, Countess Bernstorff, His Excellency Baron Brunow, the Duchess of Wellington, the Duchess of Sutherland, the Marchioness of Downshire, the Countess of Jersey, the Countess of Fife, the Baroness Rothschild, Lady Shelley, and the Earl of Westmoreland, on Monday, June 28th, at the Hanover-square Rooms, commencing at Two o'clock. Tickets to be had at the residence of Herr Reichardt, 25, Alfred-place West, Brompton.

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS, St. James's Hall.—Monday next, June 21, Second Morning Concert, in consequence of the great success which attended their first performance at this new and magnificent building. Doors open at Half-past Two. On which occasion the children of the Licensed Victuallers' School will be present. Tickets, programmes, and particulars at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street, and at the Hall daily, from 11 till 4. Stalls and Balcony, 5s.; Area, 3s.; Unreserved Seats, 2s.; and Galleries, One Shilling.

TITIENS, PICCOLOMINI, AND ALBONI; Louisa Pyne, Ortolani, Sherrington Lemmens, and Viardot Garcia; Giuglini, and Belart, Beneventano and Rosati, Violetti, Adighieri, and Belletti; Herr Fischek, Rubenstein, Molière, Maurer, Deichmann, Biagrove, V. Collins, and Joachim will all appear at Mr. Benedict's Annual Grand Concert, at Her Majesty's Theatre, on Monday morning, June 21. The full Programme is now ready. Early application for the few remaining Boxes and Stalls is respectfully solicited, at the principal Libraries and Music Warehouses; the Box Office of Her Majesty's Theatre; and at Mr. Benedict's Residence, 2, Manchester-square.

MADAME BASSANO AND HERR WILHELM KUHE, have the honour to announce that their GRAND ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Thursday, June 24th, 1858, to commence at Two o'clock precisely. Vocalists: Madame Viardot, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Bassano; Herr Fischek, M. Jules Lefort, Mr. Charles Chaple, and Mr. Sims Reeves. Instrumentalists: Violin, M. Sainon; Violoncello, Signor Piatti; Harmonium, Herr Engel; Pianoforte, Herr Kuhe. Conductors, M.M. Benedict and F. Berger. Numbered Stalls, 15s. each; Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, to be had of Madame Bassano, 7, Old Quebec-street, Portman-square, W.; of Herr Kuhe, 12, Bentinck-street, Manchester-square, W.; and of all the principal music-sellers.

EDUCATION IN GERMANY.—DR. HEYDEN, Frankfurt-on-the-Main, is desirous of replacing a few English Pupils as boarders at his own table. Sound education and liberal instruction. English divine service. Good references from parents. Terms moderate. Further particulars may be had by applying to C. Boosey, Esq. (114, Cambridge-street, Warwick-square), who has two sons in the establishment.

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All letters address, please, Free Trade Hall, Manchester.

Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, Monday, June 21, at Gloucester.
Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, Tuesday, June 22, at Stroud.
Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, Wednesday, June 23, at Cheltenham.
Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, June 24 and 25, at Crève.
Dr. Mark and his Little Men will proceed, June 26, to Manchester, and perform in Dr. Mark's Grand Jubilee, Monday, June 28, Tuesday, June 29, and Wednesday, June 30th.

TO LET, Exhibition Galleries of the Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, Pall-mall, East. To let, early in October, after the close of the Society's Exhibition, until the end of February next, the extensive galleries in Suffolk-street, Pall-mall East, comprising five rooms, and council room, &c. The principal room is 60 feet, by 40 feet, and about 30 feet high, and is considered the best lighted room in London, either by day or night, for exhibitions of art, lectures, or the soirées of literary, scientific, or musical societies. The extent of the gallery is 120 feet, by 40 feet. For particulars, apply by letter to Mr. Chilcote, Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, Pall-mall East.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA
CONCERTS.—The Third Concert of the series will take place on Friday next, June 25th, to commence at Three o'clock. These Concerts are supported by the following unrivalled artists:

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|----------------------|--------------------|
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| Madlle. PAREFA, | Madame TAGLIAFICO, |
| Madame DIDIEE, | Madame BOSIO, |
| Signor MARIO, | Signor ROSSI, |
| Signor NERI-BARALDI, | Signor GARDONI, |
| Signor RONCONI, | Monsieur ZELGER, |
| Signor POLONINI, | Signor GRAZIANI, |

Also the entire celebrated Band and Chorus of the Royal Italian Opera Company.

Doors open at One o'clock. Admission, 7s. 6d. each; Children under twelve, 3s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 2s. 6d. extra. Tickets for the series (not transferable), One Guinea; to Season Ticket-holders, Half-a-Guinea, may be obtained at the Crystal Palace; at 2, Exeter-hall; or at the Box-office of the Royal Italian Opera. Season Tickets may now be had, available till the 30th April, 1859, One Guinea; Children under twelve, Half-a-Guinea.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—TONIC SOL-FA ASSOCIATION.—A performance of Vocal Music, Sacred and Secular, by 3,500 children and 500 adults, instructed in the Tonic Sol-Fa method, will be given in the centre transept of the Crystal Palace, on Wednesday, the 23rd of June. The Concert of this Association last year attracted 33,000 persons.

PROGRAMME.—"O Saviour, go beside us" (Chorale), Bach's Harmonies; "Old England" (Air, "British Grenadier"), English Song; "Bells ringing" (Air, "Callers Herring"), Scotch Song; "How beautiful upon the mountains," R. A. Smith; "May-bells and the flowers," Mendelssohn; "Hail! All hail!" Weber; "God be thanked" (Morning Hymn), Gersbach; "Our native land" ("Glorious Apollo"), Webb; "Mark the merry elves," Calcott; "Quail call," Gersbach; "The echo," Root; "Hail, smiling morn," Spofforth; "Auld lang syne," Scotch Song; "The Christian child," Bradbury; "The May time," Gersbach; "The martyrs" (Air, "Scots wha hae"), Scotch Song; "Hail Judea, happy land," Handel; "Up, and away," Gersbach; "Wild wood-flowers," "Those evening bells," Root; "Pic-nic glee," Otto; "Address to Prince of Wales," Welsh March; "National Anthem."

The doors will open at Ten, and the performance commence at Two. Miss Elizabeth Stirling will perform at intervals on the great organ. The wind band of the company will play as usual till dusk.

Admission, One Shilling; Children under Twelve, Sixpence; Reserved Seats, Half-a-crown extra, which may be secured on and after Monday, 7th June, at the Crystal Palace, or at 2, Exeter-hall.

By order,
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THE PEOPLE IN CHURCH: their rights and duties in connection with the Poetry and Music of the Book of Common Prayer, by JOSIAH PITTMAN, Chapel-master to the Hon. Soc. of Lincoln's Inn.—London: Bell and Dalby, 186, Fleet-street.

ROBIN ADAIR, by W. Vincent Wallace. Impromptu for Concert, composed for, dedicated to, and performed with enthusiastic applause by Miss Arabella Goddard, 4s.

"Miss Arabella Goddard enchanted the audience by her brilliant, tasteful, and finished execution of Mr. Vincent Wallace's pianoforte fantasia on Robin Adair, which, in her hands, seems likely to become quite as popular as the same composer's 'Home, sweet home.'"—*Musical World*, June 12.

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THE IMPROVED HARMONIUM.—Mr. W. E. EVANS, inventor of the English Harmonium (exhibited in London in 1844), calls attention to the improvements he has lately made in this instrument. The subjoined testimonial from Mr. Alfred Mellon is one of the many he has received from eminent professors:—

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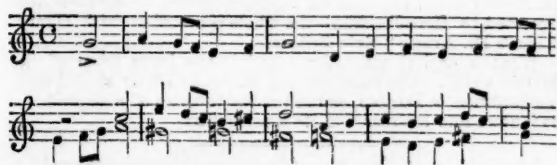
NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The fifth and last concert for the season, on Monday night, in St. James's Hall, was just as good as its immediate predecessor was indifferent. The director owed reparation to his subscribers, and it is agreeable to record that they obtained it. The thirty sheep that strayed from the orchestra on May 31st—a date for ever to be remembered, as the date of a concert (a philharmonic—new-philharmonic concert) without a symphony—had returned to their folds in the "recess," and Shepherd Wylde once more held them in hand. But to leave bucolic metaphor, the following was the programme:—

| PART I. | | | |
|--|-----|-----|------------|
| Overture (Medea), | ... | ... | Cherubini. |
| Concerto No. 6, pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard | ... | ... | Dussek. |
| Sonata, No. 5, violin, Herr Joachim | ... | ... | Bach. |
| Symphony Eroica | ... | ... | Beethoven. |
| PART II. | | | |
| Overture (Oberon) | ... | ... | Weber. |
| Duet, "Schönes Mädchen," Madame Rudersdorff and Herr Reichardt | ... | ... | Spohr. |
| Romance in F, violin, Herr Joachim | ... | ... | Beethoven. |
| Overture (Ruy Blas) | ... | ... | Beethoven. |
| Conductor—Dr. Wylde. | | | |

Cherubini's gloomy, somewhat monotonous, but still very grand overture to *Medea* should be heard oftener. It requires a certain familiarity to be appreciated, and this can hardly be obtained if it is only brought forth from the library once in five years. The *Eroica* has always been a great favourite with the audiences at the New Philharmonic, and was never enjoyed more thoroughly than on the present occasion; nor indeed was it ever more carefully played under Dr. Wylde's direction. The overtures to *Oberon* and *Ruy Blas* both went with spirit and "entrain."

The music of Bach was, perhaps, never so much in vogue as now, and the prodigious talent of Herr Joseph Joachim has given an additional impetus to the influence it is rapidly acquiring over the public mind—we say over the *public* mind, since over the artistic mind it has always reigned supreme. The sonatas for violin *solus* are among the most extraordinary efforts of Bach's inventive ingenuity, and Herr Joachim is one of the very few whose mechanical proficiency is equal to the task of executing them. The one he selected on Monday night contains the magnificent fugue which begins as follows:—



and which is afterwards treated "*al riverso*" (by inversion):—



A more masterly performance has rarely been heard, or one more enthusiastically appreciated, notwithstanding the obstacles in the way of such music being made effective, which are inevitable to the peculiar construction of the St. James's Hall orchestra. In the graceful romance of Beethoven, with orchestral accompaniments, Herr Joachim was no less successful.

Dussek's concerto in G minor was a grateful novelty. The revival of such works as this and others from the same and

contemporary pens (and there are not too many of them) is most opportune now that pianists, foreign and native, are, by their frequent performances, good, bad, and indifferent, of the concertos of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, rendering those immortal masterpieces somewhat too common. Miss Arabella Goddard has played Beethoven and Mendelssohn right through, to say nothing of Mozart; and the change was no doubt as agreeable to herself as it was refreshing to the audience. Our pianist-readers must not imagine that the concerto in G minor, because it is Dussek's, belongs to the Mrs. Chinnery style of music. On the contrary, it is very difficult to execute—which may easily be seen by reference to a copy (supposing there is a copy to be had). It is, in short, a grand concerto, in the strictest acceptance of the term, and a fine concerto in the bargain, extremely effective for the pianist, but just as solid as it is showy. The proportions of the first *allegro* are largely developed, while its style is alternately brilliant and expressive; the slow movement in E flat is one of its composer's most graceful and melodious inspirations; the *finale*, a *rondo* (in G minor, like the *allegro*), is one of the most quaint, characteristic, and thoroughly genial examples of a form of movement in the production of which Dussek excelled all his contemporaries. The performance of the concerto was, from beginning to end, what Miss Arabella Goddard has entitled connoisseurs to expect from her, in unfamiliar just as much as in familiar music—perfection; and this perfection is not the unaided result of natural genius for the instrument, but of natural genius combined with diligent application and well regulated study. There is never a careless point in Miss Goddard's playing—never anything unfinished or "perfunctory." Hence one of its abiding charms. The concerto gave unanimous satisfaction, and, no doubt, will soon be heard again.

The solitary vocal piece seemed out of place; it was, however, very well sung by Madame Rudersdorff and Herr Reichardt.

Dr. Wylde, in announcing the resumption of the concerts next year, adds a note which is worth citing:—

"The director trusts, before long, the remonstrances he has addressed to the Hall Company about the construction of the orchestra will meet with attention. It cannot be denied that the director has had to contend with unusual difficulties in the arrangement of the forces he directs, and he trusts that every shareholder will support him in his exertions to get the necessary alterations effected."

We trust with Dr. Wylde—but fear he will encounter many impediments. Mr. Howard Glover's *Comala* was unavoidably postponed—not, however, we are glad to say, *sine die*.*

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The second Royal Italian Opera Concert took place yesterday week. The attraction was greater than at the first concert, Mad. Bosio's name being added on this occasion, and Mr. Costa conducting. Again the programme was made up of operatic shreds, and comprised no novelty. Nevertheless, as the eldest pieces appeared to please most, we have nothing to say. The band executed the overtures to *Oberon* and *La Gazza Ladra*, both splendidly. The finales were from *Lucresia Borgia* and *Mosè*—the eternal "Mi manca la voce," which, by the way, stands sadly in need of Tamberlik's ringing upper tones. The pieces most applauded were the aria, "Caro nome," from *Rigoletto*, by Mad. Bosio (encored); the Serenade, with chorus, "Com'è gentil," by Sig. Mario (encored); the romanza, "Di Provenza," from *La Traviata*, by Sig. Graziani (encored); the grand air from *Tancrède*, "Tu che accendi," by Mad. Nantier Didiée; and the duet from the *Profeta*, "Della Mosa," by Madlle. Marai and Mad. Nantier Didiée. The chorus, in addition to their share in the two finales, sang Mendelssohn's part-song, "O hills, O vales!"

The attendance was, on the whole, much larger than at the first concert.

* "APOLOGY.—The Director regrets to announce that he has been obliged to withdraw the New Work, entitled *Comala*, promised for this evening's performance, in consequence of the copyist having failed to complete the necessary copies. The work will be performed at an early concert next season."

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.

MR. HULLAH gave an interesting concert of vocal and instrumental music, with organ and pianoforte accompaniments, on Wednesday evening, which we were sorry did not attract a larger audience. The heat, however, was intense enough to render it a matter of surprise that there should be any one present. The concert began with the solemn and pathetic motet in F minor, "I wrestle and pray,"* for two choirs—which, in the act of setting down to J. S. Bach, Mr. Hullah should have stated had been variously attributed to Bach's uncle, Christopher, and to Bach's son, Emanuel. All we can say is, whoever *did* write it was a very clever fellow. Miss Palmer then sang two sacred songs of Beethoven, which showed that Beethoven could at times be dull. Dr. Crotch's motet, "Methinks I hear the full celestial choir" (Mr. Santley and chorus, unaccompanied) was remarkably well given; nevertheless, the composition itself is little better than twaddle. After this came Miss Freeth, with Beethoven's solo sonata in E, Op. 109, the performance of which showed that the young lady had greatly over-estimated her powers. The late sonatas of Beethoven are not to be approached without reverence. Better leave them untouched than play them imperfectly. Any pianist who has faith enough, ambition enough, and *perseverance* enough, to master them, is entitled to the highest consideration; but to come forward in public, with one of these sonatas, so inefficiently prepared that, on arriving at the more difficult passages (such as the *prestissimo*, and the 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th variations), the clearness of Beethoven disappears with the self-possession of the performer, betokens a certain want of veneration for great things quite at variance with the sincerely artistic nature. We are inclined to think well of Miss Freeth, and for this reason are the more anxious to impress upon her that what came from the very heart of Beethoven must not be treated as commonplace. Mendelssohn's convent motet, "Laudate Pueri" (Misses Banks, Fanny Rowland, and Palmer, with female chorus), and the gloomy but splendid psalm of the same composer, "Why rage fiercely the heathen?" were both included in the first part; and both suffered much from the occasionally false intonation of some of the singers. M. Gounod's Christmas song, "Nazareth," for Mr. Santley and chorus, was capably executed; but we have seldom listened to anything less attractive. Mr. Hullah conducted, and Mr. Hopkins presided at the organ.

At the end of the first part we were compelled to leave. What we lost may be seen below:—

PART II.—Madrigal, "Die not, fond man, before thy day"—Ward. Duet, "The Starlings," Miss Fanny Rowland and Miss Palmer—Hullah. German songs, "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges" and "Durch den Wald," Madlle. Maria de Villar—Mendelssohn. Part song, "Song should breathe of scents and flowers"—Hullah. Capriccio, pianoforte, Miss Freeth—Clementi. New song, "The wind is fair, good bye," Miss Banks—Hullah. Part song, "Where the bee sucks"—Arne and Jackson.

Mr. Hullah will doubtless continue this kind of entertainment—which, by the way, is not only very agreeable in itself, but may prove of some service to his "first upper singing class," the members being in want of a little of that refinement which nothing is better calculated to inspire than the practice of sterling part music.

THE SOUNDING POST OF THE VIOLIN.—In reference to a recent paper read before the Academy of Sciences at Paris, on this subject, a musical correspondent of the *Leith Herald* says that he has tried the experiment of substituting a glass tube sounding post in the violin for a wooden one. He has tried the experiment with several instruments. The glass post does not differ in shape or thickness from the usual sounding post; but it is hollow. It gives a clear, rich tone; and by this new device very ordinary violins may acquire properties of sound only to be met with in instruments of the first order.

* The English version of the words made expressly for the Bach Society.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.

THE eighth concert (at St. Martin's Hall, Friday evening, June 11th) was, without exception, the best yet given by this newly-fledged choir of singing birds, under the direction of Bullfinch Leslie. The programme (to leave figure) was first-rate, including some extremely difficult madrigals—such, for instance, as "Sweet honey-sucking bees" (Wilbye's finest), which created a *furore*; and Morley's "My bonny lass, she smileth," sung to perfection, and enthusiastically encored. In Elliot's clever glee, "Come see what pleasures" (also encored), Miss Annie Cox attracted particular notice by the charming way in which she sang the soprano part—Messrs. A. Lester, Taylor, Harries, and Stroud, making up the quintet. There was again an encore for a new part-song by Mr. S. Reay, which, though not to be compared for an instant to such specimens as the above, is nevertheless clear and spirited. It was capably sung; as was Mr. Henry Smart's "Spring Song," a piece of vocal part-writing quite worthy to rank with his "Shepherds' Farewell" and "Ave Maria," already produced by this choir. A motet by Herr Hauptmann, of Leipsic ("Evening Prayer"); Marenzio's madrigal, "Fair May Queen;" Mr. Macfarren's part-song, "Orpheus with his lute;" a madrigal, by Palestrina, "April, sweet month, is come," (not bad music for three centuries and eight years ago); John Benet's "All creatures now are merry minded;" two part-songs for male voices by Mr. J. L. Hatton; and glees by Battishill and W. Beale were also performed. There was but one instrumental display, to contrast with all this singing—viz., the grand duet upon Weber's "Gipsy's March" (*Preciosa*) for two pianofortes, composed in conjunction by Mendelssohn and Moscheles, who used to play it together, but always with orchestral accompaniments. Misses Cazaly and Hemming (two of Mr. Leslie's principal songstresses) played it on the present occasion, and with a great deal of spirit; but, no orchestra being at hand, there were no orchestral accompaniments. Where were your "classics," Henry Leslie, Esq.?

The programme of the ninth concert, which took place last night, offered infinitely more variety, for—in addition to the madrigals, glees, and part-songs by Edwardes, Stevens, Wilbye, Morley, Elliot, Hatton (J. L.), W. Reay, and Henries Smart and Leslie—it comprised Mendelssohn's lovely anthem, "Hear my prayer" (Miss Hemming again soloist), repeated by (very reasonable) desire; the Kreutzer sonata of Beethoven, performed by M. Hallé and Herr Joachim, on the pianoforte and violin; piano solos of Mendelssohn, Heller, and Chopin, played by M. Hallé; and a romance for violin, composed by Joachim and executed by Herr Joachim—the whole concluding with Henry Leslie's Dr. Arne's "Rule Britannia."

What a capital place for sound is the large room of St. Martin's Hall. The committee of St. James's Hall should send a deputation of Doctors, learned in the theories of auscultation, to inquire into the secret of its construction.

LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—(From our Correspondent).—At a meeting of the Town Council on Wednesday, a letter was read from the Festival Committee, containing a resolution adopted by them, asking the Council to grant admission to the Town Hall, on the day of the Queen's visit, to holders of serial festival tickets. The letter was referred to the Town Hall Committee, and the request was acceded to for a number not exceeding a thousand. It is contemplated making the serial tickets transferable, and five guineas each. Already numerous applications for tickets have been made, and now that the inauguration by the Queen is made part of the Festival, pecuniary success is certain. I understand that the Town Hall Committee are urging the organ contractors to the completion of their work, and many members of the corporation are disappointed at not seeing a portion of the organ already erected, as was contemplated. The guarantee fund amounts to about £5,500. On Monday evening next the first rehearsal by the Leeds Festival Chorus will take place, and the Huddersfield, Halifax, Bradford, and other sections will be called together in their respective towns in the course of the week.

HERR DEICHMANN'S CONCERT.—The morning concert, at Willis's Rooms, of this rising violinist was well attended. The programme was interesting, and gave several opportunities for Herr Deichmann to distinguish himself. Mendelssohn's quartet, No. 1, Op. 44 (in D), in which Herr Ries, Mr. Well, and M. Paque, took part, was a capital performance. Schumann's three *Stücke in Volkston* (Op. 102), for violin solus, belong to a school with which the less Herr Deichmann meddles the better. The trio in B flat of Herr Rubinstein (performed by the composer, Herr Deichmann, and M. Paque) belongs to no school at all; and yet it is numbered Op. 52. Herr Rubinstein's execution of the pianoforte part was just as extraordinary as his composition—only from a different point of view. Beethoven's "Kreutzer" sonata, performed by Herren Rubinstein and Deichmann, would have been more satisfactory had the first and last movements been taken at a *tempo* sufficiently moderate to allow of Herr Deichmann's accurate definition of the passages. Herr Rubinstein ought to bear in mind that duet-play should be fair-play, and not employ his great strength and mechanical facility to the detriment of his associate. Nevertheless, compared with Mozart's concerto in D minor, and Weber's *Concertstück* (at the "Philharmonics,") this was a sober exhibition, and we congratulate Herr Rubinstein. Herr Deichmann broke a string, but exchanged fiddles with wonderful rapidity, and caught up the Russian *schnell-zug* in the twinkling of an eye. No. 5 of the album *Kamenoi Ostrow* (which we have also seen in an album of the Messrs. Ewer), and an *Etude* in C major, were the solos of Herr Rubinstein—the first a very expressive and unaffected performance, the last a prodigious display of manual dexterity. The singers were Madame Novello and Herr Reichardt. Among other things the lady gave two beautiful songs by Professor Sterndale Bennett; Herr Reichardt sang his own very popular "Du bist mir nah und doch so fern;" and the two joined together in Mendelssohn's "Zuleika und Hassan." At the end of the concert Herr Deichmann was to play *Vieuxtemps' Chasse*. He deserves credit for this entertainment.

HERR JANSKA'S CONCERT.—Herr Janska's annual concert is always worth attending by those who seek for novelty; and on Monday afternoon its reputation was fully borne out at the Hanover-square Rooms. The entertainment began with a stringed quartet in F sharp minor, composed for the "Quartet Production Society" at Vienna; and the first part of the concert terminated with a *Concert-stück*, for solo quartet and full orchestral accompaniments. Herr Janska, M. Sainton, M. Schreurs, and Sig. Piatti, performed the quartet; and in the *Concert-stück* Herr Joachim took the viola (*vice* M. Schreurs), M. Sainton being first fiddle, Herr Janska second, and Sig. Piatti violoncello. Both compositions have great merit, and show the hand of an experienced musician; while both (as may be guessed from the names of the artists—to say nothing of the orchestra, led by Mr. Willy and conducted by Mr. Alfred Mellon, which officiated in the second piece) were played to perfection. The "Maria Mater," "Agnus Dei," and "Dona nobis," from a mass in C, (soloists Mad. Borchardt, Miss Lascelles, Mr. Gaynor, and Herr Deck) were also included in the specimens of Herr Janska's productive genius; and, lastly, a very effective violin solo—"Air Russe"—composed for the occasion, and performed by Herr Janska with the greatest success. Some interesting points remain to be noticed, and, not the least interesting was Beethoven's sonata in E flat, Op. 12, for violin and piano, a more chaste reading of which than that of Miss Arabella Goddard and Herr Janska was probably never heard; the execution, too, was just as faultless as the style was pure. The same accomplished young lady also gave the *suite de pièces* of Handel, in E major, concluding with the well-known variations ("Harmonious Blacksmith") in the same refined and admirable manner. There were also some vocal solos, and among the rest "La Fauvette," from Grétry's *Zémire et Azor*, sung by Madame Borchardt, flute *obligato*, M. Rémusat. Herr Deck, too, sang the "Wanderer" of Schubert in a very impressive manner. Mr. Aguilar and Herr Wilhelm Ganz were the accompanists. Herr Janska must have been gratified to see his concert from first to last affording such unequivocal satisfaction.

BARCROFT AND WHEELY.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—In a book of words of anthems I observe the names of Barcroft and Wheely, but I have failed in my endeavour to ascertain some particulars as to the period when they lived. If any of your readers could furnish any data respecting them, they would much oblige, Sir, your obedient servant,

B. J.

MAD. CASTELLAN, NOT MAD. NOVELLO.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

MR. EDITOR,—Permit me to set you right in a little matter connected with the report you gave in your number of June 12, of the recent performance of *Éli* at Exeter Hall, in which you state that the "soprano and tenor were in the original cast." Now the fact is, that Mad. Castellan sang the soprano at Birmingham when *Éli* was brought out. No doubt the part was intended for Madame Novello, but she was not present.

Bradford, June 15th.

AMADIS.

["Amadis" is right, and our reporter was wrong. We remember the performance well.—Ed. M. W.]

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS.—The success of the recent performance at St. James's Hall by the Christy Minstrels has led to another, on Monday next, when nearly the same programme will be given.

MADLLE TITIENS.—(*Communicated*).—Until within the last day or two it was hoped that Madlle. Titien's engagement, which expires on Saturday, 26th June, might be prolonged. However, the direction of the Imperial Theatre, with which Madlle. Titien has an engagement of long standing, refuses to dispense with her services for a single day after the 26th June. Her last performance will therefore take place on Saturday 26th June. Madlle. Titien will appear on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday next.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.—The Whitsuntide committee has just presented Dr. Franz Liszt with a silver medallion portrait of himself, as a memento of his direction of last year's Whitsuntide concert. The artist, to whose chisel we owe the portrait, is Mohr, the sculptor, in Cologne, who has really produced a masterpiece, as far as regards characteristic resemblance, speaking expression, and delicacy of modelling.

MR. E. T. SMITH A NATIONAL BENEFACTOR.—On Saturday night, Donizetti's opera of *Lucia di Lammermoor* was performed by the Italian troupe lately engaged by Mr. E. T. Smith, and which completes the trio of foreign companies at present deluging the ears of London with a threefold stream of Italian music. There can be no mistake about the levelling tendencies of the age, when scarcely a luxury once exclusively enjoyed by the rich and high-born, but is placed within the reach of the humblest member of the community. The aristocratic pine no longer reserves its luscious and blended savours to rouse the cloyed palate of the lordling, but evokes equally the unexercised sensibilities of the proletarian swallow; the ice-cream, once special refrigerator of well-to-do throats, now melts in cool rivulets about the oesophagus of any little ragamuffin who can rattle two halfpennies in the pockets of his corduroys. Last and highest conquest of the people over the privileged indulgences of the great, a place in the sixpenny gallery of Drury-lane Theatre will secure to the begrimed artisan a participation in that paradise of modish foppery and aspiring gentility—the Italian opera. Tom, Dick, and Harry, the well-known interlocutors in that familiar and unreserved exchange of sentiments which occurs in the upper regions of an English theatre previous to the performance, may now, bound by no tyrannous etiquette, abandon themselves, without even the restraint of a coat, to the exuberant graces of Italian vocalisation and the obscure intimations of Italian libretti. If the emollient experiences of a *dilettante* will add anything by way of improvement to the character of the English artisan, the nation will owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. E. T. Smith.—*Morning Herald*.

MOZART'S "COSÌ FAN TUTTE."

(From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.)

Stuttgart, 16th May, 1858.

AFTER a pause of thirty years, Mozart's only *buffa* opera has reappeared upon our stage, and is, consequently, almost to be regarded as a novelty for the present generation. To say one word on the high musical worth of this work would be totally superfluous; the pianoforte arrangement of it speaks eloquently enough, and, even without any knowledge of that arrangement, we should necessarily expect one of the most perfect creations of art from the very period of its production (the period between *Don Juan* and *Die Zauberflöte*). Since, however, there has never been a doubt as to its worth, it might appear unintelligible why this opera has, for so long a time been absent from the stage, did we not know that Mozart's music was originally connected with a repulsive *libretto*, insulting to our feelings and good taste. An altered plot was, therefore, generally substituted at former performances of the work in German theatres. There exist numberless versions of it (the opera having been given, for instance, in Stuttgart, under four different forms successively). Unfortunately, these were either worse than the Italian *libretto*, or not intimately connected with the music. A paragraph in the *Morgenblatt*, of the 27th January, 1856, gave notice that a new version would be produced, and it is this version which serves as a foundation for the present performance. According to the paragraph in question, the version "has treated Mozart's musical language with the most conscientious reverence. And, therefore, in all the various pieces (of course, with the exception of the 'Secco-Recitative') kept as near as possible to the Italian text, but, at the same time, effected a material alteration in the story, by which the piece—originally a coarse, clumsy, farce—is brought nearer the sphere of delicate comedy, to which Mozart's music itself points." In order, however, to perceive the necessity of any alteration at all, we must give our readers a short sketch of the plot of the Italian *libretto*. Two licentious officers are prevailed upon, by an "old philosopher" (Alfonso), to test the fidelity of their mistresses. Alfonso lays a wager that it may be shaken in the course of that same day. The officers pretext a journey, but return immediately, in disguise, after having taken leave. They are at first violent and then whining, each, moreover, courting the other's mistress. By repeated threats of suicide, they prevail on the two young ladies, who appear in a tolerably dubious light, to surrender completely before evening. The deceived lovers, as long as they are without witnesses, now abandon themselves to outbursts of fury, and designate their mistresses by opprobrious names, which could only be suggested by the most profound contempt, and talk of murdering or, at least, leaving them. The "philosophical" Alfonso, however, represents to them that all girls are the same, (*così fan tutte*), and, if they do not wish to renounce female society for ever, the wisest thing they can do is to take back their former loves. This advice is approved. The faithless ones are merely frightened a little, and then everything is brought to a merry conclusion. There is plenty of fun in the whole piece, but it is mostly a farcical, witless kind of merriment. The two grand *finales* alone are admirably worked out by the author, and full of genuine humour. It is wonderful how, under Mozart's hands, this patchwork, calculated for the worse taste of the masses, is ennobled. All the figures of the piece are, as far as the author is concerned, mere marionettes. The two officers are cut accurately after the same pattern, and so are the two girls. Not only has Mozart endowed the puppets with souls, but, also, differently characterised the various personages, so that the one pair of lovers is not merely a rapid echo of the other; and, because the beings of Mozart's creation feel truly and deeply, a more earnest element is interwoven in the opera, an expression of warm feeling, where the *libretto* endeavours to produce laughter by the glaring caricature of assumed sentiment. By this, the joyous ground-tone of the whole is only brought forward more effectively. The paragraph we quoted above tells us that the task of the arranger is to introduce into the *libretto* the *dramatis personæ* as Mozart created them, and so to turn the course of the plot that the separate situations of the piece shall depend upon more satisfactory motives, without suffering any change in their specific character. The paragraph mentions the means employed to solve the difficulty but we will here give only the most important points. Each of the two officers selects his own mistress as the object of his seductive powers, and when the young lady, attracted by a secret charm, a sympathy not amounting to consciousness, at last surrenders, a reconciliation is possible. This idea certainly appears very natural, and the original plot of the piece renders it easy of execution. In other respects this last version introduces nothing actually new. With the exception of omitting what is common and repulsive, the alteration is

confined to interweaving little touches suggested by the leading idea we have mentioned. The really comic or dramatically effective points of the Italian *libretto* are everywhere turned to account, but transferred into a somewhat purer atmosphere. The management of the Theatre Royal, which, as a rule, is always desirous of producing works of a high style of art, has, by the revival of this work, so rich in musical attractions, assuredly gained the thanks of Mozart's admirers.

Sind sie tren? (Are they true?) is the title of the fresh version. We have now to see whether the opera in this new form can, at last, reach the goal which the various versions attempted on almost all stages, in former times, were so little capable of attaining. The leading idea of the new version was to remove the action from the domain of vulgar farce to the sphere of delicate comedy! to make the psychological motives of the characters agree with truth, and to fit the poetic diction, in the most harmonious manner, to the music. In order to be able to effect this, it was necessary not only to clear away what was accidentally repulsive or materially improper, but to elevate and artistically ennoble the whole bearing of the action and the whole moral of the story; but it was always a great evil that such a course would never be possible with *Così fan tutte*, if we remained true to the original tendency of the opera. However funny the wager may be of itself, and however appropriate for the subject of a comic opera, derision, nay, degradation of the female sex is the principal basis of the whole, and that is a theme which suits no age, and least of all our own. *Figaro* and *Don Juan* are certainly founded on an idea in which seduction plays the principal part, but this is represented in both operas in the person of one individual, and is tempered and counterbalanced by many opposite characters. In *Così fan tutte*, the whole action is concentrated, without a single exception, or any sort of compensating parallel, on the weakness of woman. Were Leonora and Dorabella frivolous personages, they could never be set up as types of female weakness, and the tendency of the piece would not be one we ought to reject. But they are noble beings, who, on the sudden departure of their lovers, manifest the warmest love, and promise eternal truth. The new version seeks to render this nobler trait predominant throughout the whole plot. It makes the ladies undergo a long struggle, introducing between the first and second act a certain period of time, in which they in vain wait for letters, and represents Fernando and Guglielmo, not, as in the original text, courting each other's mistress respectively, but, as we have already said, their own. Thus the already existing sympathy of the different persons towards one another is made the principle motive of the change, and the weakness of the women referred to psychological motives. At any rate, the new version is preferable to all others, from the fact of its placing the opera in so noble and pure a light, that even young persons may find amusement in it, and, as the music is enveloped in a becoming garb, the opera may again be the common property of the German nation. The text is, too, so admirable in its diction, so full of clever points, and vigorous, fresh language, that it may be looked upon as a model *libretto*. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the example set by our theatre in again introducing such a masterpiece of dramatic music into its repertory will soon be imitated throughout Germany.

With regard to the performance itself, every one engaged in it strove to attain perfection. The *mise-en-scène* was admirable, free from anything like obtrusive caricature, or absurd comicality. The only thing that might be blamed was the costume in which the disguised lovers appear. To obtain the love of two beautiful ladies belonging to the upper ranks, they should not appear as ugly Wallachians, but rather in a handsome oriental costume. Another fault was that the curtain did not rise on the second act immediately the music began. The orchestral introduction to the duet: "Weht, ihr leicht beschwingten Lüfte," is not an introduction to the act itself, but to the serenade on the stage, and must be presented as such to the public. With these exceptions everything was admirable, and our warmest acknowledgments are due to Dr. Lewald for the trouble he has taken. In the same manner, all the artists engaged merit the most unqualified approbation of all lovers of music. Mad. Leisinger had in Leonora one of the parts best suited to her, and her noble, glowing acting, which, despite the heroic colouring of the music, never wandered into tragedy, and her touching execution, especially in the air, "Unbewegt in Meereswagen," called forth tumultuous applause. A theatre that possesses such a dramatic singer ought, now-a-days, to consider itself fortunate; let us hope she will remain for many years the ornament of our opera!

Fraulein Mayerhöfer, as Dorabella, was also invariably noble, and her joyousness never degenerated into frivolity. She worked well, too, musically speaking, and in the concerted pieces was a living part of the whole.

Fraulein Marschall, as Despina, triumphed by her arch, soubrette-like action; by the naïveté of her vocal execution; by the moderation

of her travestie; and by the active share she constantly took in the general business. That, as the Notary, she sang in the lower octave, was in accordance with the wish of the adapter, and formed a good contrast to her as the Doctor. Herr Pischek, as Alfonso, was admirable. He played the joyous, woman-scorning philosopher with unctuous humour, and, although the character has no great airs to sing, it is, in a certain degree, the mainstay of the whole; and, for this reason, requires an artist such as Pischek. Herr Franz Jäger, as Ferrando, was in very good voice. He sang softly and flowingly, and remained true to the style of Mozart. Unfortunately his principal air had to be omitted, in order that the piece might not be too long. Herr Schüttky as Guglielmo, looked very imposing and warlike, but should be rather more moderate in his Wallachian disguise, for, by so doing, he would render the character more attractive. The orchestra played admirably. Herr Kücken had taken immense pains to have the vocal pieces accompanied with delicacy and discretion, while, in the concerted pieces, there was a dash which does all honour to his taste. If there is one thing we could desire, it is that Dorabella's air: "Ein schlauer Dieb ist Amor," should not be taken too quickly, since it is only an *allegretto*. The chorus was very fine. In a word, the whole performance was worthy of Mozart.

S. M.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE*—(May 20th).—Yesterday, the Cäcilien-Verein brought its regular meetings for practice to a close, with a little extempore concert for its passive members and subscribers, in a highly satisfactory manner. The works selected were, partly, such as had not been sung for several years, and were perfectly new to no inconsiderable portion of the younger members. In spite of this, the execution of them was very creditable and pleasing. Only a few of the more difficult choruses were repeated, for the sake of greater finish. We had the choruses of Mozart's *Requiem*, at least as many as are undoubtedly his, a grand "Crucifixus" for eight voices, by Lotti, Mendelssohn's wonderfully fervent "Ave Maria," Hauptmann's *Cäcilien-Cantate*, so rich in harmony, and Mendelssohn's fresh and dramatically effective first *Walpurgisnacht*. Such evenings, when smaller works, which have not been given for a considerable time, are sung at sight, are, leaving out of consideration the gratification they afford the singers and their audience, of the greatest use, especially to the singers, since the latter are exercised in singing at sight, and made acquainted with the rich stores of classical music possessed by the Verein. Unfortunately, they can seldom occur, on account of the rehearsals and practice requisite for the grand public concerts. The Cäcilien-Verein gave all its four concerts with a full band for the first time this winter. The pecuniary sacrifice involved was by no means inconsiderable, and it is reported that, in the opinion of the members, the experiment will scarcely become a permanent fact, principally owing to the want of accommodation. A cheering prospect of an interest being taken in such concerts by the general public is afforded by the hope of the society's building a concert-room of its own. The Mozartstiftung, set on foot here by the Liederkrantz, at the vocal festival of 1838, has taken the initiative. It has come forward with its funds, amounting to 38,000 florins, and founded a new society, called the Mozart-Verein. The sale of the shares has begun during the last few days, and been so brisk, that we can no longer entertain any doubt as to the realisation of the plan. A very large plot of ground, conveniently situated opposite the old Bürger-Verein, has been obtained, and there is every chance of the new edifice being one worthy of our city, and fully adapted for its purpose. At the first public concert the *High Mass* of J. S. Bach, which has already been noticed in these columns, was performed. This was followed, on the 29th January, by Mendelssohn's 95th Psalm, Mozart's "Ave verum," and Cherubini's *Requiem*, for mixed voices. The selection was extremely good. The psalm, though not one of the composer's greatest works, contains some magnificent choruses; the "Ave verum," with its heavenly clearness, and the grand *Requiem*, with its moving magnificence and loftiness, are too well known for us to say a single word about them in a paper destined for persons acquainted with

serious music. The performance was, in every respect, admirable. While, in Mozart's prayer, the chorus of 175 male and female voices, swelled in flowing gentleness and died away in the softest strains, it rose, especially in the introduction to the "Dies Iræ" to overpowering grandeur. Many persons were inclined to blame the employment of the gong in the latter piece, but if the employment of this instrument can be justified anywhere, it is certainly in this instance, where it is used once only, at the announcement of the Last Judgment.

On the 2nd April (Good Friday) followed, as on the preceding year, a performance of J. S. Bach's grand "Passion-Musik," according to St. Matthew, in the German Reformed Church. The organ again supported the chorales and grand choruses. The recitatives, on the other hand, were accompanied by the piano, gaining considerably and manifestly in quiet effect thereby. The solos were very well cast; Herr Carl Schneider sang the part of the Evangelist entirely according to the original version with a degree of perfection we never heard before. The chorons of nearly two hundred persons was supported in the *Cantus firmus* of the opening, and, also, in the grand chorales, by one hundred and fifty pupils, male and female, of the Musterschule. This produced an unparalleled effect in a building so well adapted for the purpose as the church is. We can joyfully assert that, owing to this combination, the performance of the *Passion* was one of the greatest musical treats we ever had, and a real consecration of the religious festival for very many persons.

The last concert, on the 14th May, introduced to us Handel's *Jephtha*, for the first time with a full band. This last oratorio of the above master, which is sung scarcely anywhere in Germany, was incorporated by Messer, as early as 1841, in the repertory of the Cäcilien-Verein, but executed only once since, in 1844, and on both occasions with a pianoforte accompaniment. We have already severely criticised, in these columns, Von Mosel's orchestration, which, it cannot be denied, is not totally in keeping with the spirit of Handel's music. Nor can the violence with which choruses from *Deborah* are introduced in it, and material portions of the work itself omitted, be at all justified. But Herr Messer, who is thoroughly acquainted with Handel, has changed and simplified a great deal of the instrumentation. He has, also, restored, with instrumentation of his own, Jephtha's aria in G major, in the third part, "Schwebt, ihr Engel," as being one of the finest pieces, and quite indispensable for the connection of the whole. This piece, sung in a masterly manner by Herr Carl Schneider, produced a profound impression. Both on account of its admirable and highly-poetical subject, which, by its strong contrasts, was excellently adapted for the composer, as well as on account of the freshness and great animation of the composition, expressing the most varied feelings, from the softest and gentlest to the most elevated, in the wonderful recitatives and mighty choruses, we place *Jephtha* side by side with *Judas Maccabæus*, *Samson*, and *Israel in Egypt*. The chorus in the second part, "Verhüllt, O Herr!" with its four motives, is, perhaps, one of the greatest choruses Handel ever wrote. Besides Herr C. Schneider and Mad. Nissen-Saloman, who, with highly laudable readiness, undertook, on the day of the concert itself, the part of Ipsis, with which she was totally unacquainted, in the place of Fräulein Veith, suddenly taken ill, the members of the Association sang the other parts exceedingly well; and this performance, also, despite the oppressive heat of the densely crowded room, was perfectly successful. The Cäcilien-Verein now possesses in its repertory all the oratorios of Handel known in Germany, except *Balsazar* and *Deborah*. We trust the Handel-Gesellschaft will shortly enable the Association to study his other oratorios. The summer vacation will now commence; after that, Bach's *Weihnachts-Oratorium* will be put in rehearsal. It will be performed at Christmas, and will, no doubt, take as firm root among us as the *Matthæus-Passion*. N. N.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—During the week ending June 12, 1858, the visitors have been as follows:—On Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday, free, 5,917; on the three students' days (admission to the public 6d.), 930; total, 6,847.

* From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Madlle. TITIENS, LAST APPEARANCES.—The Imperial Theatre, Vienna, have refused to grant any extension of her contract; it is respectfully announced that Madlle. Titiens cannot appear after Saturday, June 28.

The following arrangements have been made:—
Tuesday, June 22—*IL TROVATORE* (Madlle. Titiens' last appearance but two).
Thursday, June 24 (Extra Night)—*LUCREZIA BORGIA* (Madlle. Titiens' last appearance but one).
Saturday, June 26—A favourite Opera in which Madlle. Titiens will appear (being her last appearance).
Tuesday, June 29—Verdi's opera *LUISA MILLER* will be repeated.
Applications to be made at the Box-office at the Theatre.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

ON Monday, and during the week, will be presented Shakspeare's play of *THE MERCHANT OF VENICE*. Shylock, Mr. C. Kean; Portia, Mrs. C. Kean. Preceded by *MUSIC HATH CHARMS*.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening next, June 19, the performance will commence with a new and original comedy, entitled, *GOING TO THE BAD*. To conclude with *A CABINET QUESTION*. Commence at half-past 7.

ROYAL SURREY THEATRE.—This evening, June 19, the *ADELPHI COMPANY* will perform *THE GREEN BUSHES*. To conclude with *OUR FRENCH LADY'S MAID*.

DIED

On the 12th inst., at Kensington Gravel Pits, William Horsley, Esq., Mus. Bac. Oxon., aged 84.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 19TH, 1858.

THERE are certain phases of musical progress which we believe can find a parallel in no other art. The Bach mania, which very recently has pervaded all classes of the musical community—perhaps even more in this country than in Germany—is one of them. On the 30th of July, 1750, in the 66th year of his age, died the very greatest of "absolute musicians;" and now more than a century later we are beginning to estimate properly his worth.

Herr Richard Wagner, though perhaps the least musical in temperament of all men who have endeavoured, through the medium of music, to express outwardly what inwardly moved them, has admirably marked the distinction between the musician *per se*, and the musician compelled to invite extraneous influences, as aids in the cultivation and promulgation of his art. The author of the *Kunstwerk der Zukunft* pronounces Mozart to be the greatest "absolute musician;" and here, as in many other places, shows how little he comprehended music in the abstract. A thousand forces acted upon the plastic nature of Mozart, just as a million did upon the still more plastic nature of Beethoven. With Bach it was otherwise: music was his whole being; he revealed himself invariably in music, no matter what he had to say, simple or elaborate, trivial or sublime. Even the orchestral symphonies of Beethoven cannot be compared to the preludes and fugues of Bach, as exemplifications of art wholly independent of other resources than its own. The world of imagination and of dreams suggested endless ideas to Beethoven, to which music gave expression. Like Mozart, he was not only a musician, but a philosopher, a man of the world, and a poet. Not so Bach. Bach was a musician, and nothing more. Whatever impressions he may have received from the exhaustless phenomena of nature were subservient to the art which was

his only language. Had it occurred to Bach to write a *pastoral symphony*, how differently would he have accomplished his task! The song of the nightingale would have formed the principal subject of a fugue, to which the cry of the quail might have made one episode, and the notes of the cuckoo another. These pastoral objects would have been submitted without mercy to every device of counterpoint; while some ingeniously contrived "*stretto*," towards the end, would have brought the three voices as close together as Beethoven has brought them in the second movement of his immortal symphony. With Bach, however, the nightingale, the quail, and the cuckoo would have been made to etherialise music—instead of, as in the case of Beethoven, music etherialising the cuckoo, the quail, and the nightingale. Thus Bach was a musician absolutely, for beyond music to him there was nothing; while Beethoven was a musician relatively, since all things in nature ministered to his invention, and helped him in the development of his art. Beethoven might perhaps have been a great sculptor, or a great painter; but Bach could only have been a musician; and for this reason, though profounder men than he have shed glory on music, Bach was still the first of *musicians*. Listen to the G minor Symphony of Mozart; and then, immediately after, to one of the most finished instrumental pieces of Bach—foreexample, the violin solo sonata in C, performed with such extraordinary effect by Herr Joseph Joachim, at the last New Philharmonic Concert. Compare the two. The exclamation after each, in one respect, will be much to the same purport. "What a splendid piece of music!"—you will say of one; and *idem* of the other. And yet they are as wide apart as the poles. Mozart's symphony is a poem in music, of which passion and love are the elements. Bach's sonata is simply music—magnificent music, but music without any relation whatever to the outside world, and therefore music which can never possibly have a chance of penetrating to the inmost heart of the crowd that constitutes nine-tenths of humanity.

On the 30th of July, 1750, died the very greatest of "absolute musicians;" and now, on the 19th of June, 1858, we are congratulating our readers on the progressing taste for his works! What there is in Bach's music to have staved off general appreciation for a century, and yet, at the end of that century, to put to the blush all those who had failed to appreciate it, we cannot pretend to say; but it is quite true that the glowing encomiums and unbridled enthusiasm of the initiated were impotent, as years went by, to persuade the majority of the transcendent merits of the Patriarch of harmony. "Patriarch, as much as you please"—was the prevalent admission; "but spare us the infliction." Now things have changed; and, what is most consoling, Bach goes "up" without Handel and the rest going "down." Now, more than ever, the Leipzig Cantor is hailed "Patriarch;" while no one wishes to be spared "the infliction."

The last six months have been especially marked by a continually growing appreciation of Bach's music. The youngest and most gifted of our established pianists—Miss Arabella Goddard—has been playing his fugues, not merely to select circles, but to multitudes, and always with success. The *Passion of St. Matthew*, backed by the influence and true devotion of Professor Bennett, has obtained its first emphatic recognition in London; and since then, M. Hallé, with "suites" and "partitas," Herr Joseph Joachim, with solo violin-sonatas, and vocal music at Mr. Hullah's concerts or elsewhere, have, step by step, advanced the cause. Decidedly the music of John Sebastian Bach is becoming popular—which, if popularity be its just due, is not a

bit too early, seeing that the composer has been dead nearly one hundred years and ten.*

HAD the assertion made respecting Conrad in the *Corsair*, that "he cursed that sun" become isolated from all the rest of the poem, so that we were compelled to read it like a choice bit from Corinna or Simonides in a collection of the *Poete Greci Minores*, we should at once conclude that Conrad was a theatrical manager, and that he uttered the imprecation in a hot June. We should like to see the man who in the course of the past week would have dared tell any manager, from the St. James's to the National Standard that the sun was a source of blessings. We should like to see the manager who, in the course of the past week, would have brought out *Pizarro* without insisting on such an alteration as should turn all the interest on the side of the Spaniards. Who would sympathise, just now, with a set of wretches who worshipped the sun,—that odious luminary that melts down audiences like icicles? Mango Copac came of old to the Peruvians, and persuaded them that he was the "Son of the Sun," whereupon they respected him greatly. If he had told us such a story, and guaranteed its truth, we should have waited till the weather was a little cooler, and then tossed him in a blanket, on account of his detestable parent. We believe the same Peruvians offered human sacrifices to the sun, and if such was the case, we have not the slightest doubt that the victims were theatrical managers.

Jupiter Pluvius, whom we address as an absent friend, what a week we have had! Managers, actors, manageresses, actresses, box-book-keepers, box-openers, money-takers, check-takers, saloon-lessees, playbill-vendors, *custodes* of cloaks and bonnets, all meet us with one common wail, "This hot weather is killing us."

We bear in mind the fact that the patron of dramatic art is not Apollo, but Bacchus, else we should wonder why the same deity who rules poetry, should also adopt the sun as part of his domain, and, with the aid of this potent instrument, drive all the world away from the theatres.

The *Merchant of Venice* is the most perfectly artistical thing that Mr. Charles Kean has yet done; he puts all Venice on his stage, without in the slightest degree encumbering the drama. He plays Shylock himself, while Mrs. Kean plays Portia, gondolas float over mimic waters, and the whole piece is such a glory of managerial enterprise, that the house ought to be crowded to the ceiling, and boxes ought to be secured a fortnight beforehand. But the powerful attraction offered in Oxford-street is counteracted by the vast allowance of caloric which Phœbus is pouring upon our heads. Let the weather get cooler, and you shall hear such an enthusiasm about the *Merchant of Venice* as was never heard of before; but, in the meanwhile, people who want to be always drinking cannot do justice to painted waters, even when called into being by Messrs. Grieve and Telbin.

Mr. Tom Taylor's piece at the Olympic, entitled *Going to the Bad*, has, we confess, this advantage, that although it is professedly laid amid modern life, it soars into an ethereal region, that belongs neither to the earth of the present generation nor to any other. Hence, by following it in its ascent, we fancy we may resemble mountain-travellers in warm countries,

* Bach died eight years before Handel. The two great musicians never met, although they produced their works and earned their fame contemporaneously.

and presently come to snow. Moreover one moral is proposed, and another is worked out, and the vague being associated with the shadowy, and the shadowy with the shady, and the shady with the cool, we may, by a small expenditure of sophistry argue out for ourselves something like refreshment. Again, Mr. Robson's character is far less efficient than most with which he has been entrusted, and unemployed genius gives a notion of the "dolce fa niente," which is by no means despicable in sultry weather. Alas, this verbiage won't do. There's nothing cool about *Going to the Bad*, except the announcement that it is a comedy. Call it a clever farce, and we will give it welcome,—that is to say, when Fahrenheit is not quite so high.

As for Madame Ristori, who came out at the St. James's on Wednesday last, she never in her life had such a fine opportunity of studying the internal architecture of a theatre. Benches and boxes stood fully revealed to the view, unobscured by human obstacle. We were reminded of the "good time coming" contemplated by an enthusiastic admirer of ecclesiastical art, who hoped that Catholics would cease to go to church, and allow Protestant-connoisseurs to look all day at altar-pieces, without impediment. Whether when "Macbetto" was alone on the stage he actually saw a dagger before him, we cannot say, but we are positively certain he saw nothing else. Often had we heard of the rarefying power of heat, but we did not know that it could produce so very thin an audience.

In Homeric days, when the sun was inconveniently powerful, something could be done by offering a hecatomb. Shall we try the plan again, and immolate a monster concert in favour of more endurable weather?

At all events the sun is guilty of a vast dereliction of duty. It is written that "seasons" are entrusted to his care. Why then should he make such a hash of the London Season? Why should he be so excessively partial to Mr. Simpson as to make all the world go to Cremorne and nowhere else? There are people who want to see Jessica at the Princess's eloping with Lorenzo in a gondola, and to hear the wild mirth of the Carnival roysterers, fully equal to that of the Dionysiac revellers. There are people who would find delight in following out the mazy plot of *Going to the Bad*, and who, if they did not think much of the moral logic of Mr. Potts, would take delight in the fire-eating major, played by Mr. Addison —(for some of Mr. Tom Taylor's details are good, though his plot is indifferent)—and who would applaud in crowds the Phœdre of Mad. Ristori, if only because the play awakened in them a reminiscence of Rachel. But what can anybody do in this hot weather?

We ourselves are personally aggrieved in the matter. We had in our heads three as nice critical articles on the principal theatrical novelties of the day, as any one would wish to see; but lo! they are all melted away into an unseemly shapeless leader, that may be compared to the ugly mass into which a jelly resolves itself in an over-crowded ball-room.

Why should we be subject to these material influences? Why can't we write what we please—how we please—when we please? This sort of thing may be all very well at Calcutta; but it is an innovation on the freedom of Britons. The tendency of the English mind towards cider-cup, champagne-cup, sherry-cobler, and gin-sling, that must infallibly be created by this hot weather, will end in a grand national degeneracy—*Fuimus Troes*.

PROFESSOR BENNETT AND THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

It is said that Professor Sterndale Bennett has seceded from his position in the Royal Academy of Music—and further, that he has requested his name may be withdrawn from the list of Honorary Associates.

HERR FORMES.

MANY friends of Herr Formes are anxious to know whether there is any prospect of his appearing this season at the Royal Italian Opera, and whether he is really engaged. Although the prospectus laid so much stress upon the production of *Il Don Giovanni*, Herr Formes being cast for Leporello, fears are entertained that, unless the German basso returns from America, Mozart's opera may not be given. We cannot affirm that Herr Formes will positively arrive in England in time to take part in *Don Giovanni*, nor indeed that he will pay London a visit this year; but we have seen a letter from him to a friend, explaining his reasons for not having joined the Covent Garden company at the opening of the new theatre, and "showing cause" why he may be exonerated from blame, even should he fail to "put in an appearance." From this letter we have been permitted to transcribe all that bears upon the question.

"Academy of Music, New York, May 11, 1858.

"MY DEAR —, I think it my duty to write to you and say, that it is utterly impossible for me to be in England at the opening of the new theatre, in conformity to the announcements in the London papers. In my last interview with Mr. Gye, before I left England for America, he told me, that perhaps my services would not be absolutely necessary on that occasion, for certain reasons which he gave me. In January last, and again in March, I wrote him to know positively whether he wanted me, but as yet I have not received a word in reply. I presumed from that, that my services would not be required, and I, therefore, accepted other engagements in this country. Any disappointment which may grow out of my absence is entirely attributable to Mr. Gye's silence. If there should be any talk or remarks in the papers about this disappointment, I beg that you will explain the matter; and you are at liberty to use this letter for that purpose, if you think it necessary.

"CARL FORMES."

No one can say that Herr Formes acted unwisely or unthinkingly. He was compelled to do what he did. The offers made to him in America were not likely to be refused when the fact of his letters remaining unanswered showed that his engagement at the Royal Italian Opera was no longer a certainty. Had he been aware, however, that the director of the Royal Italian Opera was incapacitated by serious indisposition from attending to business, he would have paused before contracting engagements which delayed his arrival in England. Mr. Gye's illness accounts for all. It is not yet too late, however, we believe, to secure the services of Herr Formes.

SIG. VIALETTI.—"The following well-merited encomium on Signor Vialetti has appeared in the *Morning Star*:"—

"Signor Vialetti is a true artist, and belongs to a good school. His acting is ever excellent, his style of singing is on a par with it, and he always interprets well the music that falls to his share. His declamation of the passage commencing 'Il mio sangue,' in the first act, when his conscience upbraids him for his crimes, was admirable for breadth and expression; and, indeed, throughout he makes the most of his opportunities."

[The foregoing well-merited citation from the *Morning Star* appeared in the *Opera Box*.—ED. M. W.]

MAD. JENNY LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT resolved, as is well-known, a long time ago, after she had given up her projected journey to Russia, to leave her present place of residence—Dresden—and settle in England. This intention she has now carried out. After all her furniture in Dresden had been disposed of, no inconsiderable number of packages, with articles of value, &c., &c., were forwarded, last week, *via* Hamburg, to England, where Jenny Lind will repose in retirement on her laurels at a villa near London.—*Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Luisa Miller was repeated for the third time on Saturday. The music does not improve on acquaintance. Indeed, the melodic vein is less apparent in this opera than in any of Signor Verdi's with which we are acquainted. Even the popular air of the work, "Quando le sere," is not a positive tune. The opera was followed by the *divertissement*, *La Reine des Songes*, for Madlle. Marie Taglioni.

On Tuesday the *Figlia del Reggimento* was given, with Madlle. Piccolomini, and *Fleur-des-Champs*, with Madlle. Pocchini.

The first performance of *Lucrezia Borgia*, on Thursday, comprising in the cast Madlle. Titiens, Madame Alboni, Signors Giuglini, Belletti, Beneventano, Vialetti, &c., &c., was attended by one of the most crowded and fashionable audiences of the season. The fact that Alboni had consented to resume her old part of Maffeo Orsini, which she had resigned for several years, constituted a special attraction, and many, it may be supposed, came expressly to hear the *brindisi*. Madlle. Titiens and Sig. Giuglini had not previously appeared in *Lucrezia Borgia*, and the utmost curiosity was excited to hear those artists in the two great parts of the Duchess and Gennaro.

We may at once state that the performance was eminently successful. Indeed, the opera, from the first scene of the prologue, in which the chorus of nobles, "Bando, bando," was encored, to the death of Gennaro and the despair of Lucrezia, was applauded without qualification. Madlle. Titiens has fully sustained her reputation by her grand impersonation of the haughty and relentless Duchess of Ferrara, every phase of whose character is developed with extraordinary skill. On the present occasion, however, we shall not enter into details, but wait until next week, when, after seeing the performance a second time, we may be better enabled to point out its special merits. The excitement it created was unusual. The opening aria, "Com' è bello"—one of Donizetti's most expressive airs—had many exquisite touches, and the *cabaletta*, with some exceptions as to taste, was admirable. The whole of the scene of the second act, was grand, not a nuance escaping; and the final scene, in which Gennaro dies in Lucrezia's arms, was a worthy climax. Madlle. Titiens was labouring under a cold, but this was only observable when the vocal and histrionic powers were taxed to the utmost.

Signor Giuglini sang the music of Gennaro delightfully, in one or two instances surpassing himself. The duet with Lucrezia in the first scene was hardly improved by certain prolongations and retardations of tempo; and the well-known "Di pescator" would have been more acceptable with more simplicity. Signor Giuglini's singing in the popular trio in the second act could not be surpassed for beauty of voice and purity of expression. The execution of this trio, indeed, by Madlle. Titiens, Signors Giuglini and Belletti, was faultless. Signor Giuglini was almost equally admirable in the romanza in the third act, "Com' è soave," the "almost" not being dispensed with only in consequence of certain tendencies to draw, which militated against, rather than improved, the sentiment.

A more perfect expositor of the music of Duke Alfonso than Signor Belletti could not be found. The terror and grandeur of the part, however, are entirely unrepresented by the popular barytone, who displays his usual judgment in attempting no histrionic efforts.

The "sensation" of the evening was undoubtedly created by Alboni, who was greeted on her return to her old part of Maffeo Orsini with a genuine Irish welcome, a veritable *coad mille failthe*. That nobody ever sang the part like Alboni, was universally known; but that the famous *brindisi* could be given with such entrancing sweetness and prodigious effect none could know except those who had previously heard it sung by the inimitable soprano-contralto. The effect of the *brindisi* was extraordinary, and before Alboni commenced a murmur ran through the house, every ear being anxious to catch the first notes of the well-beloved melody. The *brindisi* was encored twice, and after each repeat the stage was covered with bouquets.

Alboni seemed to enter into the scene with great heartiness, and laughed in response to the cheers of the audience.

After the opera, *La Reine des Songes* was given, with Madlle. Marie Taglioni.

To-night *Lucrezia Borgia* will be repeated, and again on Tuesday and Thursday next week. On Saturday, Madlle. Titiens takes her benefit, and makes her last appearance this season.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Fra Diavolo has been reproduced in a highly satisfactory manner, with some beautiful scenery by Mr. W. Beverley, and costumes and *mise-en-scène* to match.

The first performance, on Saturday, attracted a brilliant audience. Her Majesty paid a second visit to the new theatre, and remained until the end. The cast was precisely the same as last season, except that Madlle. Zina Richard danced the *Saltarella*, in the last act, in place of Madlle. Plunkett.

The performance, on the whole, was admirable. Mad. Bosio was in fine voice, and sang delightfully. We wish, nevertheless, instead of the inappropriate air from *La Sirene*, she would preserve the original and beautiful song—known on the English stage as “Oh! hour of joy”—which suits the situation and the character infinitely better. Vocal roudades, “echoes,” and *tours de force*, do not come so naturally from the lips of an innkeeper’s daughter as from those of a syren. There is nothing preternatural in Auber’s *Zerlina*, any more than in Mozart’s.

Accepted as the caricature of the French librettist, Ronconi’s Lord Roeburg is inimitable. He is certainly not the *beau-ideal* of an English nobleman, travelled or untravelled, knowing or unknowing; but he is infinitely more amusing, and that is quite to the purpose. Moreover, Ronconi sang invariably in tune on Saturday, which made his performance all the more acceptable.

Signor Gardoni might infuse a little more of the brigand into *Fra Diavolo*—whether disguised or undisguised—with advantage. He is scarcely bold enough, and his first dress (the fault of his *costumier*) is absurdly out of keeping with the character. He sings the music, however, charmingly, (always excepting the cadence to “Agnese la Zitella”), and that is a matter of the utmost consequence.

The robbers, Beppo and Giacomo, are capitally sustained by M. Zelger and Signor Tagliafico. The “gagging” in the bedroom scene, however, is excessive and indefensible. Madlle. Marai is as efficient as formerly in Lady Roeburg; and the small part of Matteo is carefully sung and acted by Signor Polonini.

The applause throughout the first act was of the faintest—why, we cannot say. The sparkling overture, splendidly executed, scarcely obtained a hand. Nor was there any attempt at an encore. Is Auber’s music too mild for the “swells” who have drunk deeply of the strong waters of Verdi?

On Tuesday *Fra Diavolo* was repeated. The *Huguenots* was given, “by general desire,” on Thursday. To-night the *Barbiere* for the third time.

Flotow’s *Martha* is announced for Thursday next—with Mesdames Bosio and Nantier Didiée, Signors Mario, Neri-Baraldi, Graziani, Tagliafico, and M. Zelger, in the principal characters.

DEATH OF M. ARY SCHEFFER.—We grieve to announce the death of one of those men who have most contributed by talent and character to the glory of our country. M. Ary Scheffer succumbed on Wednesday (the 16th) evening to the attacks of a complaint, the seeds of which had existed for many years, the result being hastened by emotions occasioned by a recent mournful journey—(Deceased attended the funeral of the late Duchess of Orleans).—Falling ill, at London, three weeks since, M. Scheffer returned to his country only to bid his family and friends a last farewell. He died in the fulness of his genius, and his last works are undeniably his most finished ones. All the world are able to admire some at least of these compositions which have become popular.—*Journal des Débats*.

ITALIAN OPERA AT DRURY LANE.

The engagement of Mesdames Viardot and Persiani was a politic move on the part of Mr. E. T. Smith, of which he cannot fail to reap the benefit. But the enterprising manager of Drury Lane did not rest satisfied with securing the services of the above distinguished ladies. He was desirous of uniting with them those of a male artist no less distinguished. “I am about to produce *Don Giovanni*,” thought Mr. E. T. Smith; “why not apply to Signor Tamburini?” Accordingly, Signor Tamburini received a telegraphic despatch at Sévres. As the old war-horse starts at the sound of the trumpet, and feels the love of battle thrill through his veins, Sig. Tamburini (we are informed) replied by return of wires, accepting Mr. E. T. Smith’s offer. Tamburini, therefore, may be expected to appear in *Don Giovanni*, with Mad. Viardot as Donna Anna, Mad. Persiani as Zerlina, Mad. Fumagalli as Donna Elvira, Mr. Chas. Braham as Ottavio, Signor Badiali as Leporello, etc., etc. The band and chorus must be strengthened (if only for the sake of poor Signor Vianesi), and, with such a cast, Mr. E. T. Smith may reckon on a triumph.

At the first appearance of Mad. Viardot, as Rosina in the *Barbiere* on Tuesday, the theatre, we need hardly say, was crowded, and the audience more fashionable than since the institution of cheap prices. With Mad. Viardot were united Sig. Luchesi as Count Almaviva, Sig. Badiali as Figaro, Sig. Insom as Bartolo, and Sig. Aldfeldt as Basilio. How Mr. Smith contrived to bring together all these singers we cannot say; nor have we the least idea in what quarter of the globe they were discovered. When we see as good an actor as Signor Insom in Doctor Bartolo—a character by no means easy to realise—we must suppose either that sterling artists are not so rare as was imagined, or that Mr. E. T. Smith has an eye upon every singer in Italy worthy importation. Signor Insom (the name, by the way, is not hyper-Tuscan) is an excellent artist, his humour genuine, unforced, and entirely free from exaggeration. His forbearance is most praiseworthy. He never attempts to provoke a laugh at the expense of the composer or fellow-singer, and has evidently studied the guardian of Beaumarchais to the best purpose. Signor Insom has only the remains of a voice, but he makes use of what there is skilfully. Signor Aldfeldt (neither is this name hyper-Tuscan) is a clever caricaturist, and wears a longer brimmed hat than either Signor Tagliafico or Signor Vialetti. Signor Badiali makes a capital Figaro. He is hardly mercurial enough for the vivacious barber, but the roguery and whimsicality of the part are well defined, and, above all, the music is sung with the facility and correctness of a practised artist.

Signor Luchesi is entitled to a word apart. This gentleman joined the company of the Royal Italian Opera in 1849, and made his first successful hit as Corradino in Rossini’s *Matilda di Shabran*, in which he proved himself a genuine florid singer. On the burning of Covent Garden Theatre he seceded from the establishment, and, last autumn, joined the Piccolomini troupe in the provinces, subsequently appearing at Her Majesty’s Theatre. Signor Luchesi’s voice, or rather what remains of it, is well adapted to Rossini’s music. It possesses great flexibility, the most rapid passages lying within its means, so that the ear is never disappointed. In the dearth of Rossinian tenors, Signor Luchesi is an acquisition to the operatic stage, comparatively voiceless though he be.

Madame Pauline Viardot Garcia is a star of the first magnitude in the musical zodiac. Her first appearance at Her Majesty’s Theatre may not be remembered by many, but her triumphs at the Royal Italian Opera as Fides, Valentine, Rosina, Romeo, and other characters must be fresh in the recollection of opera-goers. In the *Barbiere* Madame Viardot does not pay much more deference to Rossini than her contemporary, Madame Bosio. She prefers her own version of the music of Rossini, to which, nevertheless, though wonderfully clever and felicitously ornate, we prefer, the original. The Drury Lane audience, however, were not so particular, seeing that nearly everything Madame Viardot sang created a *furor*. Astonishment and delight were created in equal measure. Madame Viardot gave a new reading of the

lesson scene, Act 2, differing from that of Beaumarchais, as her "Una voce" and "Dunque io son" differ from those of Rossini. Instead of the bravura air which leads to Dr. Bartolo's protest against modern singing, Madame Viardot introduced two Spanish ballads—wonderfully sung, and accompanied by herself to perfection on a grand Broadwood pianoforte. Thus Almaviva (Don Alonzo) forewent his office of music-master, became one of the audience, and was evidently as charmed as all the rest by the sorceress, who, with a glance, laid the perturbed spirits of the French satirist and the Pesaronian swan. Madame Viardot's brilliant singing and powerfully demonstrative acting, in short, created an extraordinary sensation, which will, no doubt, lead to several repetitions of the *Barbière*.

To-night Madame Persiani makes her first appearance as Elvira in *I Puritani*.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

(Abridged Communication.)

The great musical event of the season is fixed for the 2nd of July, and will consist of a grand demonstration by the Great Handel Festival Choir, with full orchestral and military bands, to the number of 2,500. The Handel Festival Choir on this occasion will be reinforced by deputations of the best trained voices from the provinces and the Continent. Mr. Costa has used his utmost exertions since last year to keep the 1,400 London amateurs together, and in constant practice; and they have now attained a degree of excellence unsurpassed by any choir in Europe. They will be reinforced by about 200 selected voices from the Bradford Choral Association, and by deputations from many provincial and continental societies, forming in the aggregate a chorus of unrivalled excellence. The instrumental music will be on a corresponding scale of efficiency. The stringed and wind bands of the Crystal Palace will be strengthened by the addition of those of the Royal Italian Opera, the Sacred Harmonic Society, and the Amateur Musical Society, and also by the full Military Bands of the Grenadier and Coldstream Guards. The programme for the 2nd of July is as follows:—

PART I.

| | | |
|--|-----------|--------------|
| Chorus—The Hundredth Psalm. | ... | Tallis. |
| Chant—"Venite, exultemus Domino" | ... | ... |
| Trio {"Lift Thine eyes," | ... | ... |
| Chorus {"He, watching over Israel," | (Elijah) | Mendelssohn. |
| Chorus—"When His loud voice," | (Jephtha) | Handel. |
| Chorus—"The Lord is good," | (Eli) | Costa. |
| Quartet and Chorus—"Holy, holy, holy," | (Elijah) | Mendelssohn. |
| Motett—"Ave verum corpus," | ... | Mozart. |
| Song and Chorus—"Philistines, hark!" | (Eli) | Costa. |

PART II.

| | | | |
|--|-------------------------|-----|--------------|
| Chorus—"Oh, the Pleasure of the Plains," | (Aeïs and Galatea) | ... | Handel. |
| Part-song—"Farewell to the Forest" | ... | ... | Mendelssohn. |
| Chorus—"To thee, O Lord of all," | (Prayer—Mosè in Egitto) | ... | Rossini. |
| Trio & Chorus—"See the Conquering Hero comes," | (Judas Maccabeus) | ... | Handel. |
| Solo & Chorus—"Calm is the glassy ocean" | (Idomeneo) | ... | Mozart. |
| Chorus—"Hear, Holy Power," | (Prayer—Masaniello) | ... | Auber. |
| Song & Chorus—"God save the Queen." | ... | ... | ... |

When we add that the concert will be conducted by Mr. Costa, that Madame Clara Novello and Mr. Sims Reeves will sing the principal solos (including the "war song" from Costa's *Eli*, by the last-named artist), and that Mr. Brownsmith, of the Sacred Harmonic Society, will preside at the Great Handel Festival Organ,—it will be evident that a musical treat of the very highest order is in store.

PERFUNCTORY.

"Sceptics as to the justness and value of musical criticism (which musical critics themselves are apt to look upon almost as an exact science) will be fortified in their views by reading the different, and, indeed, entirely opposite, opinions expressed by the best daily and weekly journals as to the merit of Rubinstein, the Russian pianist. Of his success, both at the Philharmonic concerts and elsewhere, there

cannot be a doubt: indeed, his success in every city in Europe where he has appeared is a well-known fact. But, reputation apart, a question is now raised as to whether this great pianist can play the piano—for it amounts to that. According to one class of authorities he is the most brilliant, expressive, poetical pianist that has ever been heard. According to another he is simply a rapid player who habitually plays the wrong notes. Mr. Rubinstein (we can't call him Monsieur, for he is not a Frenchman; nor Herr, for he is not a German; nor Signor nor Senor, for he is neither an Italian nor a Spaniard; and "Gospadin," the proper word, is not understood) is to play at Mr. Benedict's concert at Her Majesty's Theatre, on Monday next. Those of our readers who are anxious to hear this musical phenomenon and judge for themselves (no bad plan, after all), will now have an opportunity of doing so for about half the price they would have to pay for that privilege at the Philharmonic Concerts."

One thing of three:—the author of the above quasi-affable and positively ironical apology for Herr Rubinstein is a Russian at heart; or he is not an accurate judge of pianoforte playing; or he has a pecuniary interest in Mr. Benedict's concert. In any and all of these cases, however, he is entitled to consideration, so that he be not *perfunctory*. But when he says—"of Herr Rubinstein's success at the Philharmonic Concerts there cannot be a doubt," he is *perfunctory*; for there was, and is, a very great doubt of it. Not less is he *perfunctory* in the sentences we have italicised—since there was never a question raised about Herr Rubinstein's ability "to play the piano;" nor, on the other hand, has any "class of authorities" pronounced him "the most brilliant expressive (!) poetical (!) pianist ever heard" (unless the "director," who writes articles on his own concerts in *The Globe* and *Chronicle* may be regarded as "a class of authorities"); nor, lastly, has any critic proclaimed him "a rapid player who habitually plays the wrong notes." To invent opinions, and then to combat them, as though they proceeded from an adversary or adversaries, is *perfunctory*. This has been done (unconsciously) by an esteemed writer in the *Illustrated Times*—to whom, with many compliments, assurances of our "parfaite considération" (and best wishes for the success of Mr. Benedict's concert), we recommend woodcuts, in order that his forthcoming musical articles may be the more readily perceived, swallowed, and digested.

MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

(From the *Athenæum*.)

AN article in the *Journal des Débats* of the 2nd of June is noticeable enough as a piece of special pleading to claim a moment's talk, in a place where the talk runs on music. In it, M. d'Ortigue, hitherto known as the champion of orthodoxy, enters into an elaborate panegyric of the concert the other day given, at the Conservatoire Rooms, by Herr Litolf and M. Berlioz. The elaboration is devoted to prove that both gentlemen are unjustly treated by those who rank them among the "musicians of the future" a (designation which, by this pleading, seems now to have fallen into discredit). "They do not," asserts M. d'Ortigue, "intend or profess to destroy forms, or to overset established rules—merely to enlarge both, as Beethoven did in his last work." The purpose is daring, and the example not logically propounded. In the interest of sound judgment, we protest against the parallel and the deduction from it. To deal with the latter first, we cannot for an instant accept the last compositions by Beethoven adverted to either as models or as "points of departure." They can only be thus received by those who fancy it heretical to question the sense of every line which bears a great poet's signature; and who show not reverence so much as superstition by placing in the same light beauty and blemish, mist and daylight, that which is intelligible, that which is not. It is of no avail to reply to this that persons who wait and study may discern intentions, links, traces of design,—may somehow spin some wondrous theory in apology for crudity, confusion, and want of proportion. The resolution not to find fault with any work by one who has raised us high and searched us deeply belongs to idolatry, not sane worship. The composition of which the meaning can only

be guessed—where the truth and the beauty are only discernible by eyes which have strained themselves beyond natural powers of vision—is incomplete. Too much admiration cannot be lavished on the colossal and original beauties which are scattered through these last works by Beethoven. However gigantic in its scale, however difficult of execution, there is no mystery in the *allegro* to his Ninth Symphony,—none in the “Kyrie” to his “Missa Solennis,”—none in the prolonged *adagio* to his grand *solo Sonata* in B flat. These things keep the last works of Beethoven alive—not their crudities. Are any such inspirations approaching these to be found in the writings of the authors in question? In those of M. Berlioz none. While he has exaggerated (under the idea of carrying out) the objectionable peculiarities of Beethoven's last style—while he has tried to create new forms by an utter disturbance of form, his labour has been virtually an Egyptian task of making “bricks without straw,”—of planning enormous and intricate structures without having originated that central master-thought, that first seizing phrase, that goodly symmetry of melody, for whose sake we forgive much disguise and dross, and the presence of which proves the poet to exist, be his working out of the same ever so impure and chaotic. It is this want, this absence of feature, this solicitude in concealing that which is mean and puny, which have deservedly placed M. Berlioz among those of the modern school, from whose society M. d'Ortigue seems so whimsically eager to separate him. It is his interesting personality which has given to ninety-nine bars out of a hundred in his music their power to reach those who would rather believe in Genius than understand it. The times demand plain speech in this matter; since, in the dearth of great composers, there may be danger of great principles of composition being forgotten.

ACHIEVING THE NIMBUS.

“On Wednesday night,” says the *Morning Advertiser*, “in addition to the opera—*Troatore**—a vocal and instrumental concert was given, by special desire as stated, for the benefit of Signor G. Operti, pianist to His Majesty Victor Emanuel II., King of Sardinia. Among the many foreign artists who at this season of the year render the metropolis like the enchanted isle, full of ‘sounds and sweet airs,’ Signor Operti, as a pianist of ability, deserves an honourable position. In Sardinia he appears to have achieved the *nimbus*, and, unquestionably, his pianoforte performance last night in this theatre won for him much applause.

“The pianist has a more hazardous task to accomplish in such a large house as compared with the more confined and compact music rooms farther west. Operti successfully grappled with the difficulty by his vigorous and skilful touch, which made the *forte* passages on the instrument reverberate throughout the crowded theatre. Nor was the performer less expressive, effective, and brilliant in the more delicate portions of the music under his fingers. Though orthodox pianoforte playing is, or ought to be, the same all over the world, yet the musical *élève* can most commonly snatch a grace from such playing as that of Signor Operti, not that he plays a bit better than some English artists, whose names could be easily remembered—among them the peerless Arabella Goddard.”

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Handel composed twenty-three Concertos for the Organ, of which it is now proposed by the Editor to republish the First Set of Six. They were written with an accompaniment for two Violins, two Hautboys, Viola, and Violoncello, in the *tutti* passages. Of the first six Concertos, it appears that the first and fourth only are original compositions for the Organ; the remaining four being adaptations from the early instrumental works of the Composer. The practice of "making-up" works from various sources was by no means sparingly resorted to by Handel, as many of his important choral and instrumental compositions largely bear witness. The original edition has the following title:—"Six Concertos for the Harpsichord or Organ, composed by Mr. Handel." * * * These Six Concertos were published by Mr. Walsh from my own copy, corrected by myself, and to him only I have given my right therein, GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL. London: printed for J. Walsh, in Catherine Street, in the Strand; of whom may be had the instrumental parts to the above Concertos."

The Oratorios mentioned by Sir John Hawkins were chiefly performed at the old theatre in Covent Garden, which was built by Rich in 1732, and destroyed by fire on the 30th September, 1808, the Organ left by Handel sharing the same fate. No account is to be met with of the instrument used on these memorable occasions. An old print, however, of the interior of the theatre is still in existence, having a view of the Organ and Orchestra, as arranged for the Oratorio performance, in which the instrument appears of but limited dimensions, and, as usual with English Organs of that period, it must also have been destitute of the necessary appendage of a pedal-board.

It cannot be doubted that the performance of these Concertos upon a modern Organ, combined with the instruments as indicated by Handel, would prove most unsatisfactory; for, however the number of Violins and Oboes might be increased, the *tutti* passages could never have a genuine effect, opposed as such a scanty Orchestra would be to the weight and brilliance of tone possessed by Organs of any pretension in the present day, besides which, the instrumentation in the original work is thin and meagre, the Oboes and Violins frequently playing in unison, while the inner harmony is rather inadequately supplied by the Viola.

M. Hector Berlioz, in his remarkable work, "Traité d'Instrumentation et d'Orchestration Moderne," says very truly, with regard to the union of the Organ with the Orchestra:—"There seems to exist between these two musical powers a secret antipathy. The Organ and Orchestra are both kings; or, rather, one is Emperor, the other Pope; their mission is not the same, their interests are too vast, and too diverse, to be confounded together. Therefore, on almost all occasions, when this singular combination is attempted, either the Organ predominates over the Orchestra, or the Orchestra, having been raised to an immoderate degree of influence, almost eclipses its adversary. It is possible to blend the Organ with the diverse constituent elements of the Orchestra; this has been done, but it is strangely derogatory to this majestic instrument to reduce it to a secondary condition; moreover, it is palpable to the ear, that its equal and uniform sonorousness never entirely melts into the variously characterized sounds of the Orchestra."

For the reasons above stated, and agreeing with the opinions expressed by M. Berlioz, adverse to the combination of an Organ with the Orchestra in a solo performance, the Editor has sought to arrange the Concertos for the Organ alone; and, by a reinforcement of its registers at the *tutti* passages, to make due provision for the appropriate rendering of the whole composition on the instrument itself.

The Organ part in the original consists principally of a mere Treble and Bass; a few figures being added here and there to indicate the chords. No suggestions are given for a change of clavier, nor any direction as to the use of particular registers, neither is the pedal employed in any portion of the work. A remarkable opportunity is undoubtedly offered for the exercise of musical ability in consolidating and filling up the significant outlines given by Handel into an artistic whole, a task which perhaps demands the highest powers of an Organist.

Though exception may be taken to the style of some of the movements, if critically viewed from the stand-point of musical taste at the present day, yet there exist such manifestations of power, such clearness and force of expression, such symmetry in form, and such an intimate knowledge of the resources of the Organ, that these Concertos ought not to be allowed to fall into disuse from any hindrances presented by their original form to an effective performance upon our modern instruments.

In the present attempt at a reproduction of Handel's Six Organ Concertos, the Editor must not be regarded as endeavouring to enforce a particular mode of treatment, but rather as presenting a practical illustration of his own manner of reading a favorite and most valued work, after a diligent study of several years.

W. T. BEST.

St. George's Hall, Liverpool, 8th May, 1858.

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LUIA MILLER.

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